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The Gleaner

Delaware Valley College

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SUMMER

SPRING

AUTUMN

WINTER

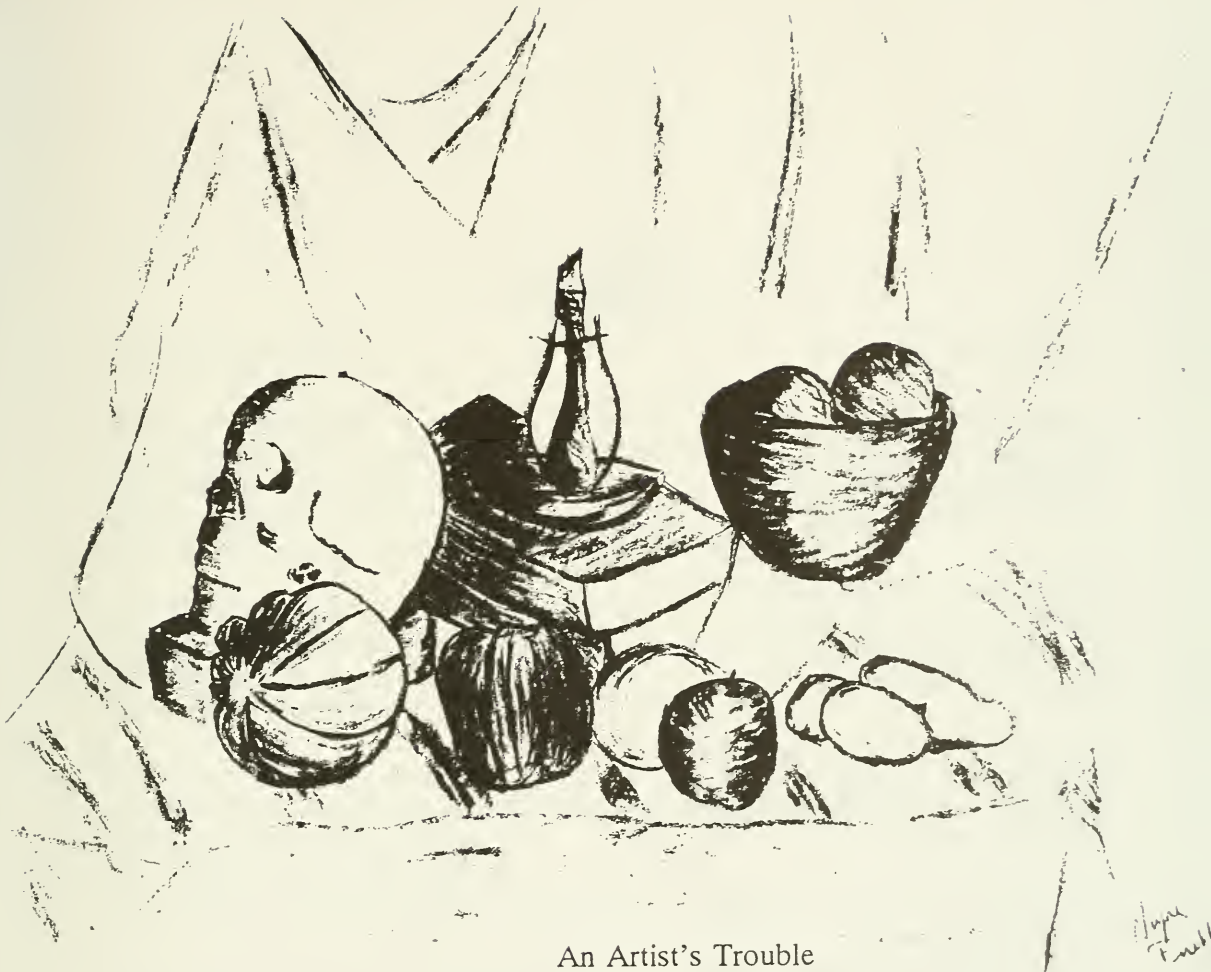
"Our Lives are like Cycles, Passing from one Season into Another"
--S.W.M.

X

By J.D. Trubac

One day, I will be able to go into the back yard
Where once as a child I'd played--
Innocent & pure.
& one day I'll be able to find where the ground's all sunk in
& that's where I'll discover the X
I marked so long ago.
I'll brush away all the dead leaves
That have littered the place,
& I'll roll up my sleeves...
& dig, & dig.
Letting the dirt under my nails.
I'll scratch & pick with my bare hands,
& one day soon, I'll find
The anger I buried there so long ago...

[The staff would like to apologize for the misprinting of this poem in last year's edition.]



An Artist's Trouble

By Stephanie Sawtelle

The Prisoners inside me stretch shrunken arms through my ribs
The way parched sunflowers crane their withered stems to beg rain from pregnant clouds,
And their yellowed nails rasp my flesh and twist it through the spaces in my bones
As torture for a lifetime of perverse confinement diseased more by suppression.
Their heavy murmuring is a cluttered attic of unintelligible whispers,
Echoing like waves in a sea shell,
That waits to flood my paper in a symphony of illuminated notes
As lightning unveils colors under a midnight tempest.
But I keep them slaves to the endless chanting of mortal rhythms,
A swelling ocean locked behind the floodgates of sound and ink,
Because their voices carry the unfamiliar accents of an alien language
Whose expression is as nameless as the emotions in a whale's song,
And because the vivid fabrics and textures of their spirits are improper
Against the pale skies of this naive world.

Simplify

By Stanley W. Mucha, Jr.

Simplicity! Simplicity!¹
Such a beacon for our lives
The situations in the world
Are too confusing at times.

We can't go out into the woods
And build a cabin like Thoreau
But keep a Walden in our heads
When angry winds do blow

Buttress that wall, support the roof,
Allow no beam to break
Survive the world, within your mind,
Like that Cabin by the Lake

The pond was a mirror to look upon,
A reflection of the soul;
Look deep, and quite honestly now,
To determine your Life's role

But most of all define your stand
Defend it to the utmost,
Let no one dissuade you, under any demand,
To destroy the principles you follow

So if the world forces a retreat,
And tough demands on you it makes,
Transform your mind, secure inside,
That Cabin by the Lake.

(An unworthy ode to a great writer and philosopher.)
¹The actual wording was "*Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!*"

Photo-SIN-thesis

By Joseph P. Stenson

Well I've been bad and I've been good,
But there was somethin' missin' from my childhood:
Photo-SIN-thesis, Photo-SIN-thesis!
I was just never told; I never got the news
'Bout the light and the dark and the enzymes to choose.

My mind went limp, then my mind went wild
It was spinnin' round like a CONFused child.
I did all I could to put my mind at ease...
I just started countin' them ATPs.

I sighted-a-chrome and a ferredoxin, too,
And the Chlorophyll sucked up a photon or two.
Phosphorylation, Phosphorylation!
Then the flavin got the plastoquinones,
And a terrible feelin' shot through my bones.

My mind went limp, then my mind went wild.
It was spinnin' 'round like a CONFused child.
I did all I could to put my mind at ease...
I just started countin' them ATPs.

Then all of a sudden the lights went out,
and the kinase and dismutase began to shout,
"On the dark side, on the dark side!"
I xylosed my erythrose and gave out a cry,
"This ain't the way to make glucose by."
(continued)

My mind went limp, then my mind went wild.
It was spinnin' 'round like a CONFused child.
I did all I could to put my mind at ease...
I just started countin' them ATPs.

How can those leaves and cells understand
That pathways don't interest a rock'n'roll band?
Photo-SIN-thesis, Photo-SIN-thesis!
I just got the news, and my blood runs cold.

My mind went limp, then my mind went wild
It was spinnin' 'round like a CONFused child.
I did all I could to put my mind at ease...
I just started countin' them ATPs.

Strutting Through the Sprinkler Spray

By J.D. Trubac

Remember those sultry summer days?
Running through the speckled sprinkler sprays.
Silky, smooth, shining droplets
Permeating the sticky stagnant air.
So sweet those shrinking scattered days--
Stiffly stuck in the folds of my mind.
You and I shrieking shrill;
& somehow, it seems strange to me,
That those two silly girls in spray
Are the same two women we know today.
You & I shrieking shrill--
You & I best friends, still:
Strutting through the sprinkler spray...

Will You Dance With Me

By Stephanie Sawtelle

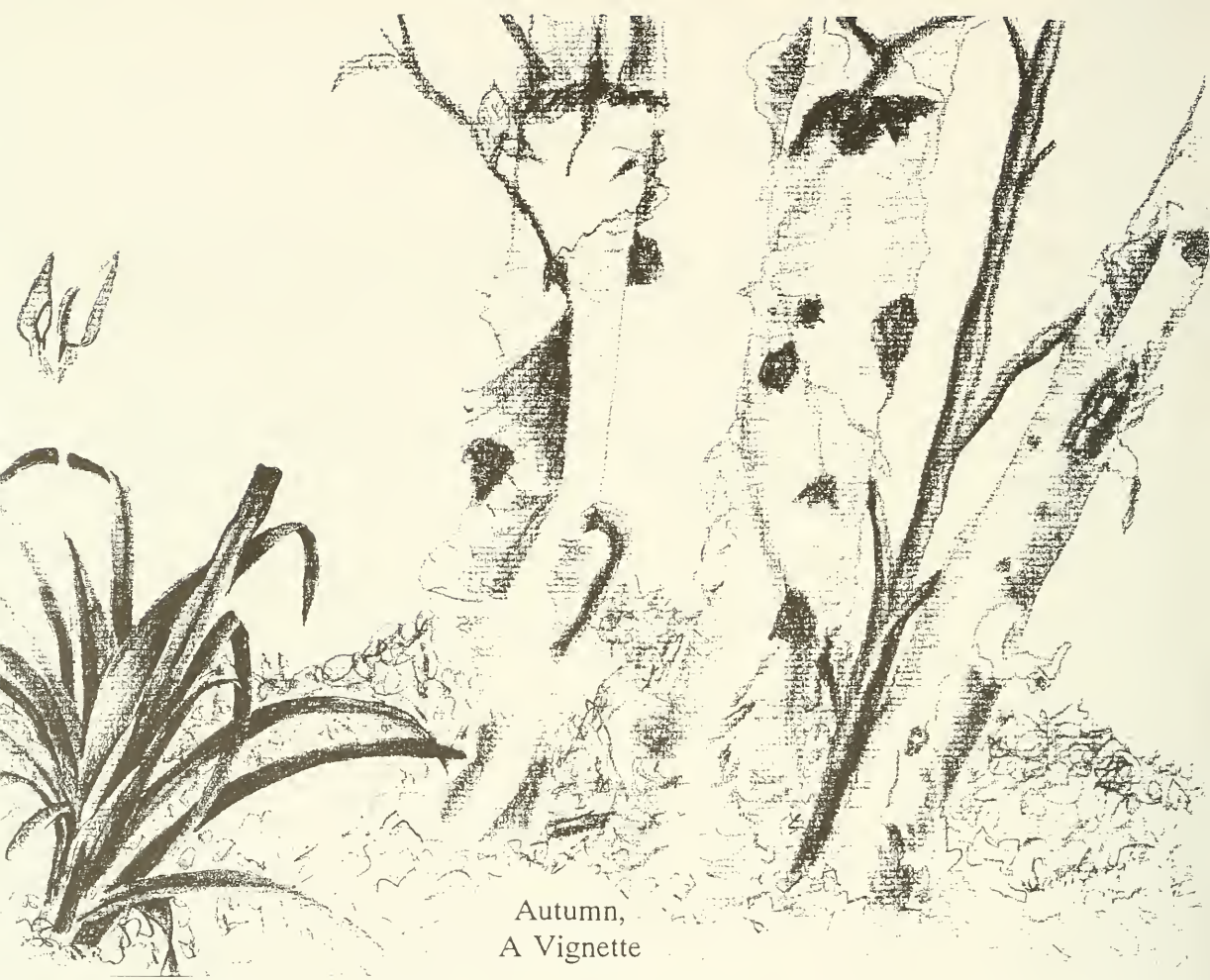
Inside the spinning room
The darkness reels around points of light
Inside my head the music stirs
And through the sound we turn our circles,
Etching spherical patterns
On a round, marble floor.
Outside the spinning room
The darkness lies stagnant, devouring itself.
Outside my head the silence crushes
And in the black corners we stumble,
Cutting deep scars
Into the rotting wood floor.

Inside the spinning room,
I remind you,
The dance is easy,
But outside the spinning room,
Reaching, I ask you,
Will you dance with me?

Perfect Picture

By Shannon Murphy

Sitting on a hill looking below, I feel separated from this other world. A sense of peacefulness envelopes me. This magical place before me is like a picture coming alive, too perfect to be real. The peace is only momentarily disrupted when the whistle blows and a train speedily rattles by, this place is a sad reminder of Willow Wood Farm. My favorite place in the world. An inspiration for my poetry. The place I first realized my passion for horses. A place I'll never see again. For me, it is gone forever, now just a memory. The tree-lined background with all its glorious color is perfect to set off what is before it. The red barn, next to it, tall silver silos gleaming in the sun's light. A field of green with spots of black and white, the Holsteins grazing lazily in the warmth of the morning sun. The large field and the beige barn seem close enough to touch. With horses galloping, bucking, playing and then grazing in the plush, green, pastures. This picture is completed by the frame of tall trees full with their leaves of autumn color. The winding road gives me the feeling that I can walk into and be a part of this perfect picture.



Autumn,
A Vignette

By J.D. Trubac

The air was cold. When you gripped my hand I felt a warmth rush all throughout my body. The cool wind seemed to conquer all and take hold of our feeble lives. You spoke, and when you spoke it was hard to hear you because the wind seemed to steal your words as soon as they left your mouth. The rustle of the brown leaves was all the sound that nature would permit; and unlike you I was willing to comply with her demands.

I felt the need to absorb all the phenomena that surrounded us, but you were too concerned with making your own demands. Absorbed into your own mystic world, you expected the earth and wind to stop at your command so you might speak of your lofty ideals and show your cold heart to me. You competed with the sounds of autumn itself. You demanded the attention that I spent on it. You could not wait until we returned into a world of stuffy heated rooms and muted sound. No, you spoke now and I refused to hear.

Wrong

By Deborah Glicklich

I thought I was invincible.
I thought my heart and soul were well protected.
I thought wrong.
Now I know different.
I met you- I liked you,
but our signals got crossed and we went our separate ways.
You got past my shield.
You invaded my soul and stole my heart away.
Now you're gone, but the memory of you lives on
Haunting me like a ghost.
I thought I could get over you.
I thought wrong.

Untitled

By Christina Faust

Lost.
It's a sensation
difficult to explain.
Lost
in a dark forest.
A dark forest called life
filled with pitfalls
and unexplainable dangers
lurking around each turn
behind each tree
and beneath every rock
It's a forest you can't escape
But do not fear
For it is possible
to be
Found.



In An Autumn Day

By Stanley W. Mucha, Jr.

The leaves fall down
on the dying grass below.
The squirrel buries its store
in a newly-dug hole.
The geese trek south
for a winter's stay.
The commotion contained
in an autumn day. . .

Autumn Romance

By J. Orlowsky

Colored leaves above my head fall to the ground like splattered paint,
yellow, orange, brown and red.
Many shades, patterns and shapes,
Each with its own identity.
As we walk holding hands,
We can see our breath in the cool autumn air.
While a glow fills the entire earth.
As we wrestle in a bed of leaves,
Nothing could replace our happiness.
The sun is setting and darkness approaches.
I love my Autumn Romance.

Her Side-Through My Eyes (1983):

By Susan Pachuta

What happened to the years that make my life?
I don't recall a wish for this to be.
So certain I would be a wife--
Can I be left to face just being me?

No one can know what underlies my heart!
By keeping them away, I will survive.
I have believed this strongly from the start--
Can I now dare to see it's been a lie?

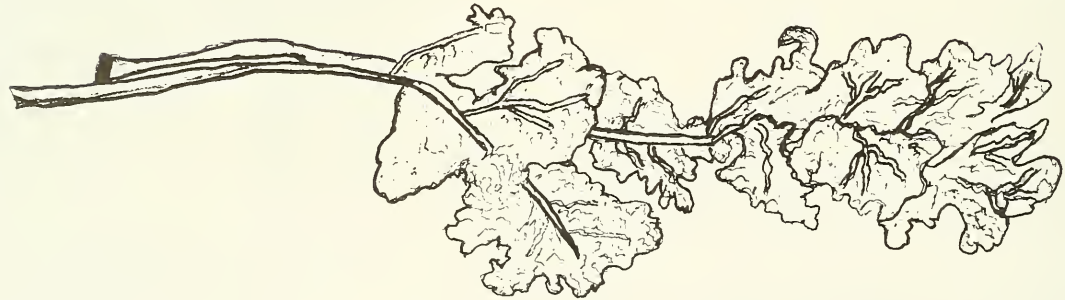
I hold a tearful feeling all is lost.
What's left to salvage from the death one makes?
How many future bridges must be crossed
Before I can forgive my own mistakes?

New happiness I must allow to be--
Convince me! Help me to find it within me.

The Lord of the Leaves

By Gail Robynne Blum

The Lord of the Leaves is marching, through the towns and cities,
Across deserted roadways and barren fields.
Such dignity to be,
The Lord...the Lord of the Leaves.
Where color and kingdom never cease,
And nature dances in harmony,
And lives in peace,
With the Lord of the Leaves, no tricks are to be played,
Just live for his limbs of birth
And gratefulness for his place on earth.
Make way, for here he comes,
Guided by the roughened hands of a northern breeze.
Make way, make way,
Onward marches the Lord of the Leaves.



Joe Mussel

A Winter Day

By J. Orlowsky

The snow falls and covers the last patch of grass,
The snow-capped mountains can be seen in the distance
And the sun reflects the ice on the bare tree limbs.
A jack rabbit bounds through the sage in his white, winter coat,
While a child builds a snowman.
The snow ceases, and the sky darkens.
Another winter day is gone.

The Old

By Robert Frank

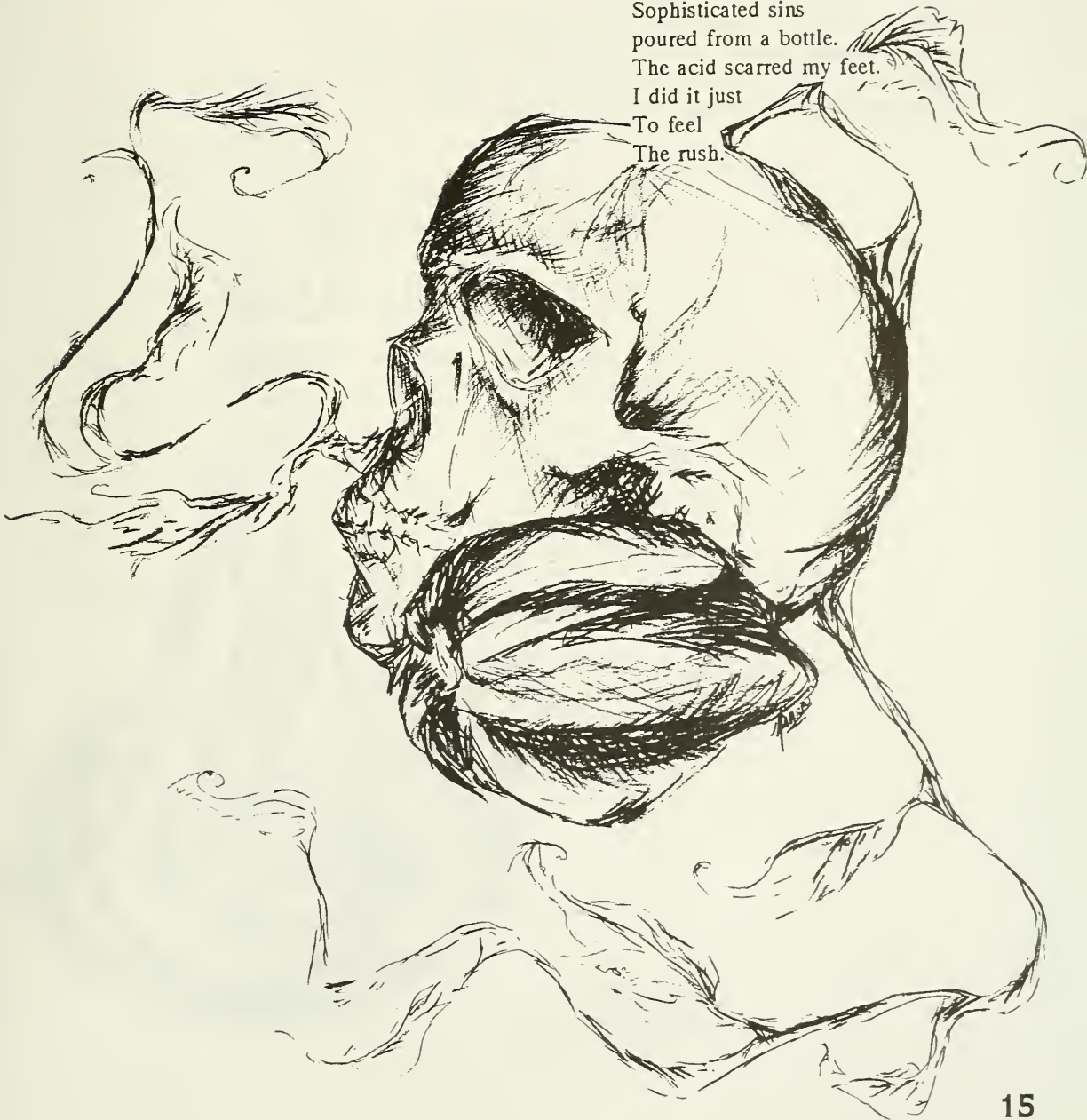
Some walk the streets,
Some sit at home,
They all dream of not growing old.
But they are old,
And they dream yet again,
To be young.
They think of when they ran,
And jumped a rope,
Their first date,
And their first love.
A tear comes to their eye,
They are gone.



Psychosis

By Stephanie Sawtelle

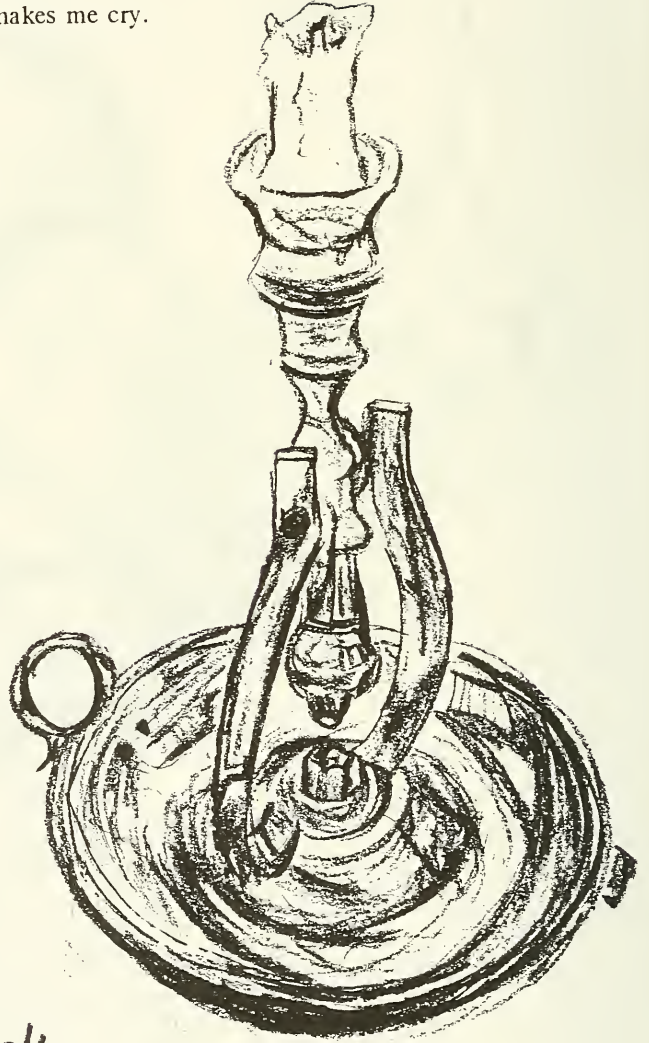
Sophisticated sins
poured from a bottle.
The acid scarred my feet.
I did it just
To feel
The rush.



Never Say Forever

By Melissa Miller

Never say "forever" because you know it isn't real
It isn't something lasting, it's what you think you feel
If you mean forever, just tell me that you'll try
But never say forever because "forever" makes me cry.



The Ballad of the Snow Angel

By J.D. Trubac

When I was a child
I thought the snow was a gift from heaven.
Soft & white;
It gave me freedom & joy-
Made everything clean and cool.
Transforming my world into a place
Where no one existed except me & You,
& I could be whomever I wanted.
Sometimes I thought
I could forever hide behind that curtain of snow;
& never be found.
It didn't matter to me
That my fingers were frozen & raw,
My blue jeans stiff as slate,
Or my scarf damp with my breath;
Because the snow seduced me.
She clung to my long eyelashes,
& deadened all sound.
You & I could play, and screech--
Making angels all morning.
I wished it would never stop snowing.

But by mid-afternoon,
The sun rose above the clouds in triumph,
& shone its bright angry rays over
Our white world of pristine innocence.
& our angels turned muddy in the sun,
& the drifts we waded through in the morning
Became slushy mounds surrounded by mud.
I wished it would never stop snowing.

(continued)

Now as I sit and write these lines,
The snow falls in its pristine white splendor.
Perfect geometric shapes that dance in the sky.
The whole world is white right now...
But there is no moment of supreme cleanliness,
Nor are the flakes of snow from heaven.
I cannot escape
Into that world of snow where
You & I once played.
It is no longer the same--
I wish it never stopped snowing....

A Helping Hand

By Elise Glazer

The clouds and rain are so dark,
that no light is shining through.
Just grab my hand and hold on tight
so we can make it through!



The Fountain of Life

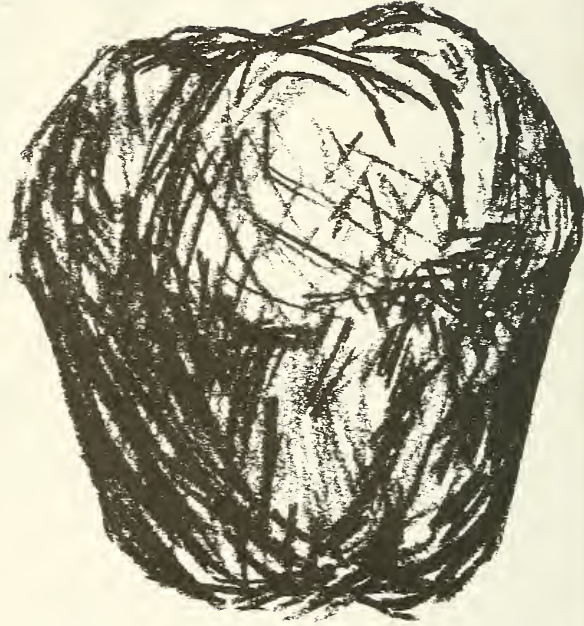
By Samantha Cichocki

Where is the truth in the mountains,
and where lies the truth in the song?
Where doth love grow in a fountain,
and where does life tarry along?
I search for the truth in the mountains.
I search for the truth in the song.
But I found love in a fountain,
and truth tarries along.

Romeo & Juliet

By Rachel Howe

You're the forbidden fruit
The fruit that always tastes so sweet
You are the only one
Who understands,
You set me free.
The ones who forbid you
Who are they to me?
They say that blood runs thicker than water
and in some cases
I'm sure it does
But the question I ask:
Is blood thicker than Love?



The Wind

By Heather Krell

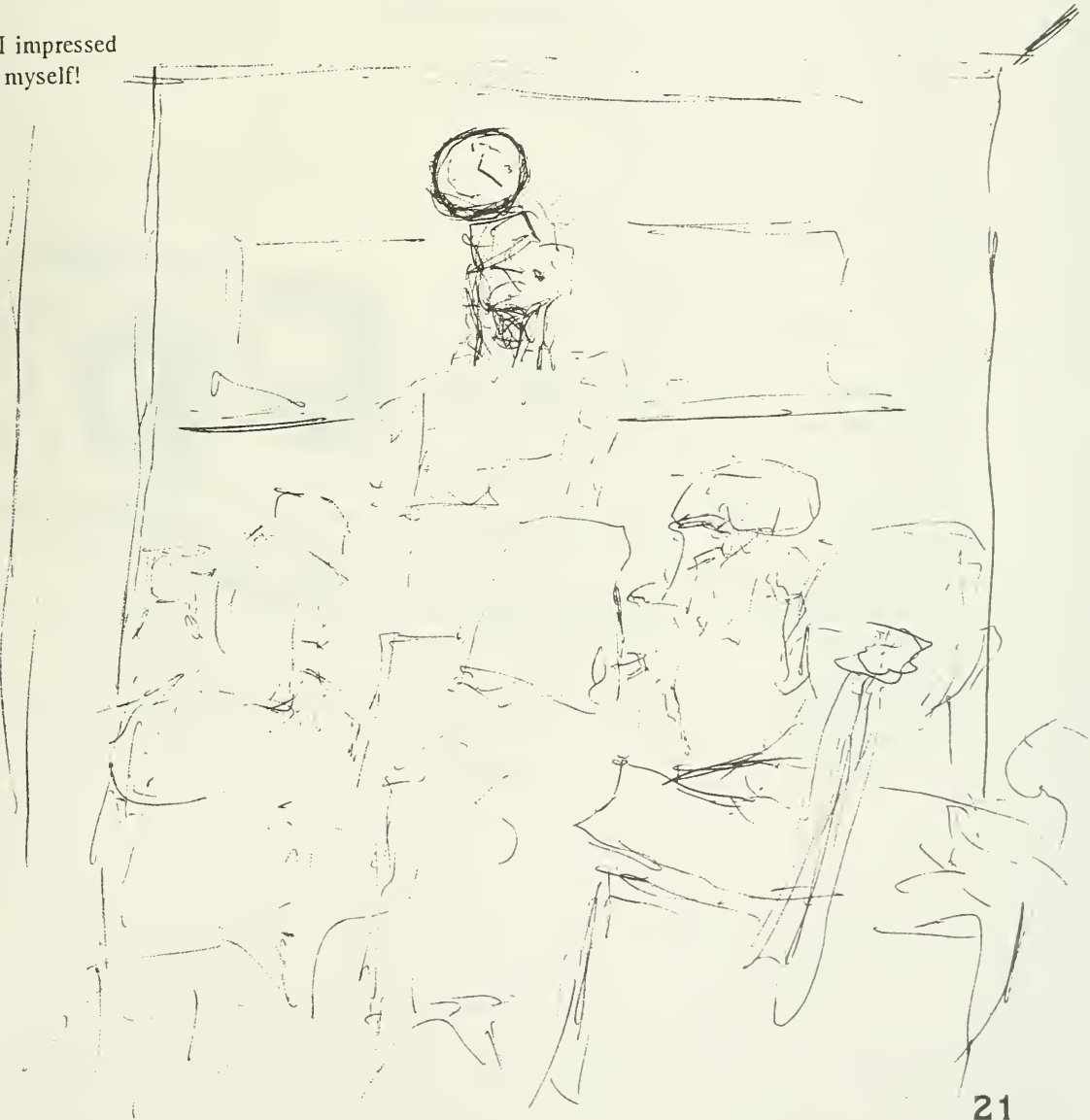
The wind is passing by.
Past the children, past the kites.
The wind is passing by.
Through the trees, past the trees and the children are sad
Because the wind has gone.

By Richard C. Ziemer

W hen I wast-
H irty-one I read a nast-
Y statistic that said, "the

M ean age of all Ph.D.'s in th-
E country is 31."
?

Was I impressed
With myself!



Untitled

By Christina Faust

Love
is not a THING
it cannot be
explained
Nor can it be
bought
or sold
or held
or touched
or given on a whim
Love is natural
and is not made
but comes
through care
and understanding
trust
and honesty
for one another
and for life
Love is special
and requires
dedication
Love cannot be given
if it is not returned
Love that's real
is hard to find
but I am fortunate
for I found you.



MICROWAVE

By Joseph P. Stenson

Corn Popper for the Campus,
Soup Heater, Boiler of Water,
Warmer of Casseroles and the Office's Food
Preparer;
Humming, blinking, beeping,
Box of the Long Wavelengths:

They tell me you are gone and I believe them, for I have seen
you carried off by Weber beneath the fluorescent lights
your space now empty.

And they tell me you are powerful and I answer: Yes, it is true
I have seen you cook and go on to cook again.

And they tell me you are dangerous and my reply is: On the
faces of students and once mates I have seen the look of
relief when your klystron shuts off.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who scoff
at this way to cook, and I give them back their scoffing
and say to them:

Come and show me a quicker way to cook and reheat rice and
leftovers.

(continued)

Flinging magnetic rays inside a box piled high with food, here
is a bold winner set vivid against milder ways of cooking.
Fierce as a fire with tongues reaching and singeing, cunning
as a campfire pitted against a roast,
 Windowed,
 Opening,
 Closing,
 Timing,
 Warming, cooking, reheating,
Amidst the pipe smoke, dust all over its keypad, blinking with
monitor light,
Under the terrible burden of destiny, cooking as a young oven
cooks,
Cooking even as a dumb stove oven cooks which has never
ruined its food,
Bragging and cooking as under its chassis is the pulse, and in
its circuits the stomachs of the people.
 Cooking!
Cooking the insipid, vapid, toxic food of Youth, half baked,
sweating, proud to be Corn Popper, Soup Heater, Boiler
of Water, Warmer of Casseroles and the Preparer of Food
for the Office.

with apologies to Carl Sandburg

Grow

By Dawn Robison

Grow damn it grow!
You can't give anything
until you grow!
Let everything nourish you
no matter
be it beautiful, horrid, or lame
absorb it!
Grow!
Don't fight it,
Don't withdraw
or repel,
Grow straight up
or twist
toward the sky
but grow!
There's nothing left where you are
except a void and selfishness.
There is no one to blame
but you
when you shut yourself off
from everything.
Just open your sight,
open your sound,
open your thought,
don't ignore the magnificence.
Just grow!
Even if it's not what
you want to grow into
because a vibrant weed is better
than a wilted flower.
Touch the sun and burn
but feel it,
don't just imagine
Grow!
Please, grow.



Lora Watkins
"Daffodil and Tree"

March 22, a.m.

By David Dartley

"Humble Bullfights"
and poor Manolo's dream of becoming a famous bullfighter
had been the topic of Spanish I so far.

Then Mr. Reamer's startlingly loud voice over the P.A.,
making not a happily heard request.

"Oh, well then that's a family emergency. Hurry up."
The Señora said, which was no more happily heard.

Downstairs, into that little office,
where he was on the phone, the Family Problem Lady at the ready.

"Hi," she said, with this concerned look on her face as if
she were any less clueless than I was.

"Okay," he said, "A police officer is coming to pick you up.
Your mother is all right. We know that."

"What's the matter?" I said. "Do you know what this is about?"

"No, but your mother is all right."

Back and forth.

(continued)

Up Franklin Avenue in the cop car,
I whistled or hummed or mumbled along or some crap like that
with the songs being played on the radio.
Yeah, man, I was cool, I was all together.

Up the stairs to my deck,
to the glass door to my kitchen,
Where I could see my mother sitting there looking ridiculous,
in some blue sweat suit, her face all contorted and tearful,
with Officer Bob Hirsch's hand on her shoulder.

Reaching the door, I knew what this looked like.

I understood how evil my thoughts were as I negotiated
which of the two situations made obvious by the scene in front of me
would be easier to deal with.

"What's the matter?"

Faces Eternal

By Gail Robynne Blum

Four in one.
You kiss the sun.
Four faces, so alike.

Smile in the summer blue.
Warm rock,
Tea set for two.
Green leaves from which liquid sunshine pours,
Love this face forevermore.

Oaken king, cascade your children
From weathered boughs.
Farmer, pack up the pick and the well-worn plow.
Rise up yonder harvest to the whippoorwill's rhyme,
Which flows through the air,
To sweeten time.

Blanketed earth in a forestry glare,
Where spring's song doesn't dare
To amble or roam.
Bare branches are left to sway
Without their green companions,
Throughout the lonely day.

Then, flowers break free from their cold confines.
See once again the rebirth of time.
Four faces each so different.
Four faces that I don't mind.
Four faces that capture the eternal essence of time.

